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## SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

STUTTGARD, AUGSBURG, MUNICH.

ONE may now very nearly make the tour of Europe by steam—steamboats by sea and river, and steam-impelled locomotives by land! A man may go from Edinburgh to Vienna, and not have more than a few hours of ordinary vehicular travel. Last summer I had a run of this kind through Germany, and the pleasantest thing about it was, that almost the whole time was spent in viewing interesting towns; the transit from place to place occupying a very brief, and, for its briefness, a very agreeable space. Having probably tired the reader with detailed accounts of former continental tours, I propose to devote but a very few papers to this excursion. The truth is, one loses the relish for novelty after seeing the continent several times, and leaves himself but little to glean. After the first sight of Calais, says a traveller, nothing surprises.

My route on this occasion was across Belgium to Cologne by railway, and thence up the Rhine by steamer to a point near Frankfort, whence I had the railway to Carlsruhe. Here, in crossing a hilly tract to Stuttgart, I entered on new ground: it was the first time I had gone any distance eastwards from the valley of the Rhine. Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, lying embosomed in a fertile valley, and built of stone, in a regular and tasteful manner, formed a point of interest for a day's leisurely observation. After seeing a good deal of Germany, I think it is one of the handsomest of its towns—the long rows of white and tall houses having a cleanly and pleasing effect. The town is evidently literary—a centre for printing and bookselling. I had the fortune to light upon a young and enterprising publisher, who, strangely enough, has entered on plans of publication similar to our own, and with the present Journal, as he acknowledged, as his model. I saw some of my own articles in German in his paper—one of them, 'A Day in Manchester,' which had conveyed an account of the Manchester Athenæum and soiree of 1846 to his readers. Nothing could exceed the attention of this ingenious publisher, on learning who it was that had dropped in upon him. A round of visits to remarkable lions was at once proposed and agreed to. The place most interesting to which we were conducted was a large edifice employed as a Public Museum and Library. The museum, containing the usual variety of stuffed beasts, birds, and fishes, reptiles in bottles, insects stuck on pins, and fossils, I pass over. I daresay it was a very good collection; but my feelings led me to take more interest in the library, which abounded in bibliographical curiosities. The greatest curiosity of all is a large room containing nothing but bibles. It seems that a late professor of the university of Tubingen had an extra-

ordinary fancy for collecting bibles. It was a mania. He devoted his means and his life to the pursuit. His object was to have a bible in every language in which the Scriptures had been written or printed, from the most remote times till the present. Accordingly, he accumulated bibles to the number of eight thousand five hundred, and at his death, bequeathed them to this institution in Stuttgart. The bibles are of all sizes. A large number are in folio and quarto, many in octavo and duodecimo. Going from shelf to shelf, our attention is drawn to ancient tomes, in dingy vellum, or faded leather and gold—bibles in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, Latin, all the modern tongues of Europe, Indian, African, Celtic—in all, I believe, sixty languages. Some were written with a pen on vellum, others were rare copies of printed editions. One was written with great elegance by a nun; and a curiosity equally valuable was a copy of the first printed bible of the illustrious Gutenberg.

Another room in the museum was devoted to missals and psalters, most of them beautifully illuminated; and here we saw a greater curiosity still. This consisted of several large volumes of costumes, the execution of a nun, and about three hundred years old. On each page was a figure, whose face and hands were painted in water colours; but the whole of the dress was in the actual materials employed in the garments of the original, every part being stuck on with the most surprising neatness. The labour must have been immense; most probably the work of a lifetime, and undertaken to lighten the solitude of a cell. We were informed that the volumes embraced the costume of every religious order, male and female; also of most of the kings of Europe, soldiers, and civil functionaries of distinction at the time. Adjoining this apartment was shown a room devoted entirely to manuscripts, some of them said to be valuable. I need hardly explain that the museum owes many of these acquisitions to the dissolution of monastic establishments, and their careful sequestration by the state.

From Stuttgart, the ride up the valley of the Neckar was charming. It was the 21st of May, and the whole country was white with the blossom of fruit-trees. Some of the hill-sides appeared at a distance as if covered with snow, such was the density and brilliance of the blossoms. The country was fertile and beautiful; but it betrayed all the evidences of poverty. The land in Wurtemberg is alleged to be too much subdivided, and there are swarms of people with the scantiest means of subsistence. On the roads, and in the fields, women wrought along with men, and, what was more new to us, they were labouring in gangs on a railway which is designed to connect the valley of the Rhine with that of the Danube. This railway pursues the valley of the Neckar to its summit, and there ascends

and crosses the mountains to Ulm. It seems to be cut without tunnels, and effects a most daring ascent by long winding gradients, which occasionally approach the brink of the precipitous banks. All the way to the top, the female labourers clustered like bees, their severe bodily toil, and skinny brown faces, imparting an unpleasant effect to what would have been otherwise an agreeable scene.

After crossing the bleak mountain tops, we found ourselves descending into the great broad valley of the Danube, and passing some fortifications in the course of construction, we entered Ulm. Hemmed within walls, badly paved, and with crooked narrow streets, Ulm has nothing to interest strangers but its ancient cathedral. It was a great relief, in a desperately hot afternoon, to take refuge in this grand old edifice, which, besides being as cool as a cellar, is attractive for some fine sculptures in wood and stone, and several painted windows of ancient date. The town being Protestant, we found a portion of the building fitted up with pews. The view from the summit of the lofty tower rewards the fatigue of climbing, by at once bringing under our eye the scene of several important battles, including that of Blenheim, which lies within the verge of horizon on the east. In the foreground, the Danube is seen pursuing its way through a flat country in an easterly direction, and here dividing Wurtemberg from Bavaria.

Descending from the tower, we enjoyed a pleasant walk along the long line of ramparts which hem in the town on the side of the river. It was my first interview with the Danube, and I was correspondingly interested. Coming apparently out of a hilly region on the west, the stream, in this its upper part, was already as large as the Clyde at Glasgow, but of a dingy white colour, and too rapid for any other navigation than the floating of rafts of wood to the low country. A steamer some time ago was attempted in vain. The fierceness of the current, and shifting character of the sandy bottom, have prevented steamers carrying on a trade higher up than Donauworth, a day's journey below Ulm; and I would recommend no one trying to steam down the Danube before reaching Ratisbon, whence the boats are large and commodious. Next day, in crossing the bridge into Bavaria, we could not help looking back on Ulm with a degree of compassion. Considered as the key of Austria, it may be said to be at present the furnace of military operations—its beautiful environs becoming dotted over with fortresses, and its fine river shut out by an odious thick wall. So, in order that the cabinet of Vienna may sleep in peace, the poor Ulmese must be confined to a species of prison, and breathe a foul atmosphere instead of the free breezes of heaven!

There was no stoppage to examine passports or baggage in entering Bavaria; and we jogged on in our voiture to Augsburg—country undulating, and well cultured and wooded—the peasantry, men and boys, dressed in long coats and ample jack boots, as if there was a scarcity in neither cloth nor leather. At a glance, on entering Augsburg, as we wheeled through a decayed portal, at which a Bavarian soldier stood sentry, we saw we had got into a curious old city, and the oddity was not diminished on acquaintance. We of course took up our quarters at the Three Moors, a hotel of princely dimensions, in the Maximilian Strasse, one of the most ancient and princely streets in Europe. An inn of the same name had been on the spot five hundred years ago, and, from all appearance, the present edifice is from two to three centuries old. Pertaining to the establishment in its original state, is the room which accommodated Charles V. Our apartment, large and lofty, commanded a view of the great long street, ever dull and solemn, with its windows universally closed with jalousies in defence against a sun of overpowering brilliance. It is only justice to say that the Three Moors is one of the very best inns on the continent.

We were several days in Augsburg, and had the pleasure of driving out daily under the guidance of an

old Chelsea pensioner, a German, who had been a sergeant in the British service. By this chatty veteran we were introduced to a knowledge of the place, and hauled into a variety of odd holes and corners—churches, convents, and places of historical note. Augsburg is evidently but the ghost of what it was—a town of the middle ages, kept up, as it were, to satisfy archaeological curiosity. Once a free city, with a reputation for artistic talent, and the great emporium for the interior of Germany, it suffered a decline, along with Nuremberg, and various other cities, owing to the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. This discovery threw Venice out of the richest trade in the world, and Augsburg and her other depôts fell in consequence. To the religious wars of Germany it also owes some of its misfortunes; and Bonaparte terminated its independence—at the time very little worth—by constituting it a provincial town of Bavaria. It has still a few manufactures, but its chief attractions as a place of residence seem to be its perfect silence and the cheapness of living. The houses are generally huge in size, exhibiting marks of faded grandeur. The fronts of several have at one time been covered with frescoes representing historical subjects; and these paintings, partially obliterated by the weather, testify the former wealth of the city, and the vicissitudes to which it has unfortunately been subject. The town is spoken of as having still some influence in money dealing; though, if this be the case, the trade is carried on in anything but that open and liberal manner we are accustomed to in England. The principal banking establishment, which I had occasion to visit, more resembled a prison than a place of business. The money-room was a gloomy vault, in which, within a railing of iron bars, in the midst of dark iron-bound chests, each garnished with a padlock as large as the crown of my hat, ministered the genius of the place with a gravity and importance worthy of Pluto. My business was to relieve him of twenty pounds, which I carried away in the form of a sackful of florins—gold not being obtainable for love or money! After visiting such terror-struck concerns as this, one feels wonderfully pleased with the spectacle of bank interiors in England—a row of affable tellers behind mahogany counters, with great heaps of notes and sovereigns laid fearlessly before them, as if there was no such thing as covetousness in the world.

One of the chief lions of Augsburg is a long white-washed house of no great mark, bounding the extremity of an open space, in which stands the cathedral. This house, once the palace of the bishop, now used for government purposes, is that in which the celebrated Confession of Augsburg was presented to Charles V. Some other spots, interesting from their connection with the Reformation, are pointed out in the neighbourhood. The town is now pretty equally divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant; but I am glad to say, on the faith of our conductor, that exasperation on the subject of religion has long since disappeared. Perhaps the religious wars and other misfortunes of the country had the good effect of inspiring mutual respect and toleration. In a back street near the cathedral, we visited the printing-office of the famous 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' or Augsburg Gazette, and had an interview with one of the editors. The paper, which has a circulation of about fourteen thousand, and is the most popular journal in Germany, is printed by several smart steam presses.

Augsburg will by and by be connected with the principal cities of Germany by railway; but at the time of our visit, the line was completed only to Munich, a distance of rather more than forty miles, across a flatish country. The whole mechanism of the line seemed excellent, and the fares about one half of what they would be in England or Scotland. The price charged for a place in a superb first-class carriage is equal to four shillings—baggage a few pence additional. The fuel employed by the locomotives is peat, of which we saw large quantities preparing in the line of route.

It is hopeless to give an account of Munich, such as it deserves, in a less compass than a volume. I can point only to a few of its leading features and objects of interest. Situated on a plain on the banks of the Isar, it consists partly of an old and little-improved town, and partly of modern erections. The newer part, which stretches away from one side of the old, is mostly the creation of the last thirty years, and has been the work of the present king, Ludwig (Louis) I. The expense lavished on buildings and embellishments has been immense, but a large portion, I was informed, has been defrayed from the private revenues of the king. There can be no doubt whatever that Ludwig is the most munificent patron of art in the world; and his taste equals his munificence. A walk through the newer part of the city overwhelms one with the variety and costliness of the creations which have sprung up at his bidding; and we feel that to his principal architect, Von Klenze, the highest merit of a designer and adapter is due. The streets are mostly arranged in long lines at right angles to each other, and are lined with public and private buildings of a lofty and imposing character. The style of the private houses is chiefly the Italian (families living in floors); while that of the public edifices is more varied; but the Byzantine, modified in many agreeable ways, prevails. There cannot, indeed, be said to be any originality. Greece and Italy have given models for almost everything in Munich; yet it would be unjust to say that this diminishes the pleasure which is derived from seeing so fine an assemblage of works of art. A number of the buildings are of sandstone, but the greater proportion are faced with cement. The centre of attraction is the Ludwig's Strasse—a long street of noble width, in which are many of the finest public buildings—palaces, churches, the Library, Blind Asylum, the University, &c. The interiors of the churches are superbly decorated with gilding and frescoes; the latter exquisitely beautiful, representing Scripture subjects. Cornelius has been the principal painter of these frescoes. In the church of St Lewis is one of his productions, a fresco painting of the Last Judgment, of the enormous height of sixty-four feet. The Basilica of St Bonafacius, a church (red brick, of fanciful arrangement) in the Karl Strasse, was finishing at the time of our visit—its seventy-two marble columns supporting a roof of blue, dotted over with gold stars; its marble floor, its frescoes, and other decorations, transcending in splendour all that had previously been attempted.

This and other churches we took in our way to two edifices which constitute the glory of Munich—the Pinacothec and Glyptothec. The Pinacothec, so called from a Greek word signifying repository of paintings, may be styled the national gallery of Bavaria, for it contains the largest and most select collection of works of pictorial art in the country, and, like everything else, has been given to the nation by the king. It is open to the public without fee or inquiry. The building is a large and beautiful edifice of sandstone, isolated on all sides; and the interior, one floor up, consists of nine magnificent halls, lighted from the roof, with twenty smaller side-apartments for cabinet pictures, lighted by ordinary windows. The pictures in the great halls are arranged according to schools. We have first the hall of the royal founders, with pictures of the present king and his predecessors; then we enter, second, a hall devoted to pictures of the German school; the third, the same; the fourth is devoted to the Dutch school; the fifth, which is about double the size of the others, is the hall of Rubens; the fifth is also the Dutch school; the sixth the French and Spanish schools; and the seventh, eighth, and ninth, the Italian schools. The paintings in the side-cabinets are likewise arranged according to styles and eras, but they do not require to be particularised.

A walk through the Pinacothec cannot fail to have an inspiring effect on all lovers of the fine arts. Large and small, we have presented to us a selection of fifteen

hundred pictures, the productions of the first masters of their craft; while the very taste with which they are accommodated, is in itself a thing commanding our admiration. As is well known, the collection is rich in the works of Rubens; but those which gave us the greatest pleasure were some of the pictures of Murillo, of which there are a few of great value. We visited this magnificent institution several times during our stay in Munich, on each occasion loitering for hours on the seats scattered about for the accommodation of visitors, and discovering new beauties in the collection.

The Glyptothec is a similar establishment for sculpture, ancient and modern. Its elegant Ionic portico of white marble; its highly-finished scagliola walls; the roofs of its halls green, white, and gold; its marble floors—all must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is divided into twelve halls, each devoted to a distinct class of sculptures; as, for example, the halls of Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, the hall of Grecian sculptures of the era of Phidias, the hall of Heros, the hall of Roman sculptures, and the hall of modern masters. Inferior in extent or in value to the collection in the British Museum, there is nevertheless here much to delight, from the great care and expense lavished in making the exhibition commodious, classic, and therefore unexceptionable, in point of taste. Many of the ancient figures have been restored in part by Thorwaldsen; and after having seen some most objectionable mendings of this kind at Dresden, I cannot but give the greatest praise to the artist who has performed this delicate duty for the Glyptothec. In the hall of modern sculptures are some exquisite pieces by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, and Rauch—the latter at present the greatest sculptor in Germany, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak on arriving at Berlin.

After paying visits to the foregoing lions, the stranger usually proceeds to the palace of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg (Eugene Beauharnois), where there is a gallery of paintings, and also some sculptures of considerable value, which are shown to the public. On the occasion of our visit, the crowd here was much greater than at any place where we had yet been. Instead, however, of noticing the beautiful works of art in this collection, I shall cross the broad Ludwig's Strasse, and conduct the reader to the precincts of the royal palace. Here, on one side of the king's residence, is the Hofgarten, a large square enclosure, plentifully dotted over with trees, under whose shade, and also in an arcade, which runs along two sides of the ground, is the great daily lounge of the inhabitants. The arcade, in its whole extent, is decorated in the inner side with frescoes illustrative of Bavarian history, and other subjects. This method of telling a nation's history by the pencils of the most eminent artists, is surely one of the best means of cultivating popular feelings: we have, in fact, here a long series of pictures of high art in an open public promenade, but protected from the weather by the roof overhead. The king has been the presiding genius of this novel gallery, and some of the frescoes are adorned with poetical mottoes from his pen. Adjoining the Hofgarten is the entrance to the English Garden, a large park laid out with wood and water. This was one of the useful works of the celebrated Count Rumford during his residence in Munich.

On the opposite side of the Hofgarten is the new royal palace, an edifice of fine sandstone, presenting a Grecian front of eight hundred feet. Behind, and partly in connection with it, is the old palace. We made two several visits to this extensive suite of buildings, in which German art has done its utmost to unite the classic style of Pompeii to that of modern Italy. The state apartments are a succession of superb halls, for the greater part painted in fresco, or with walls of scagliola, and having floors of the finest inlaid wood, of divers colours. The throne-room may be considered the grandest thing which human art can reach—floor of polished marble, from each side of which rises a row of twelve lofty columns with gilded capitals. Between



these columns are placed colossal statues in bronze, but gilded all over, representing the most illustrious ancestors of the reigning monarch, and after models by Schwanthaler. This magnificent saloon, which is in length 112 feet by 75 feet in breadth, and 57 feet high, is further enriched by frescoes picturing incidents in the works of the Grecian poets, surrounded by Romanesque borders. A gorgeous throne, draped with crimson-velvet hangings and gold, occupies the upper extremity of the floor.

Adjoining the new palace stands the chapel-royal, for which likewise marble, gold, frescoes, and scagliola, have done their utmost. The encaustic paintings on the roofs of the different compartments are among the finest things I have ever seen—that of Christ blessing little children leaving an impression on the mind every-where becoming the subject. In this, as in all the other places of worship visited by us in Munich, we observed persons of the poorest class in attitudes of devotion—women of the humblest rank in life, with their children about them, being seen kneeling in the midst of splendours such as are reserved exclusively in England for individuals occupying the highest stations. Without drawing the slightest inference unfavourable to the religion of our own country from this circumstance, I feel impelled to remark, after some experience in church-seeing, that the perfectly free entrance, at nearly all hours, to highly-embellished places of worship on the continent, must have in itself, and apart altogether from any question as to devotion, a useful effect in cultivating habits of veneration and respect—respect for works of art, and a love of what is beautiful. The absence of all means, secular or religious, for exciting into activity a similar class of emotions in the humbler orders in England, and most of all in Scotland, has produced fruits which it is unnecessary to particularise.

Magnificent as was this chapel, and the halls of the palace of which it forms a part, we had reason to be more interested in what was still in reserve—a visit to the old, or, as it is called, the *Rich* chapel, which is reached by a gallery from the more ancient part of the royal residence. Apparently unused for any religious service in the present day, this little old chapel, which consists of one apartment, about fourteen feet square, and which could not well hold more than a dozen people, was founded by the Elector Maximilian I. It may be described as one entire gem, consisting of a combination of precious stones, pearls, gold, silver, ebony, ivory, and other costly articles—a treasury to which each successive prince has given a contribution. The roof is of lapis-lazuli, the floor of marble, and the walls Florentine mosaic. At the entrance are a few antique seats, and on the left-hand side a small organ with silver pipes. The objects to which attention is drawn by the exhibitor are six cupboards of ebony, adorned with coloured stones. One by one these are opened; and their contents, consisting chiefly of vessels in gold and silver, and reliquaries, are explained. In one were the skulls of four popes, set in velvet and pearls; also the hands of four saints, dried and brown like shrivelled mummies. Another reliquary contained a bone set with precious stones, and another a circular piece of skull as large as a crown-piece. The contents of five presses having been exhibited, each article involving curious points in personal history, we came at last to the sixth press, adjoining the entrance. The objects brought into view on opening the doors, were described as of the greatest interest, and the spectators, with eager eyes, crowded closely round the exhibitor. Taking from one of the shelves a small article of about four inches long, three inches broad, and half an inch in thickness, resembling a lady's card-case, the general interest became quite impassioned. Removing the exterior case, which was of ebony, we held in our hands the altar-piece used by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution. This great curiosity, which had come into the possession of the Bavarian family, and whose history is of undoubted authenticity, is of

silver gilt, enamelled with green and other colours. Nearly square in form, it opens in leaves, so as to form two side-wings, with a part above the centre, making three leaves in all. Thus expanded, it presents miniature paintings of Scripture subjects in the style of the fifteenth century—the last things on earth, it may be supposed, on which had rested the eyes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. W. C.

## HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

It was an agreeable change to Hannah White, after the scene of discomfort in poor Biddy's desolate cabin—described in our last number—to pay an occasional visit to her foster-father's 'snug little piece of a farm,' which lay all along down the sunny slope of a low hill. It was a narrow strip, descending pretty equally, between well-marked double ditches, from the furzy summit to the meadow by the river side. Old Luke White, or rather Terry\* White, old Luke's son, held about three-and-twenty Irish acres of good land, ill cultivated, neither weeded, nor drained, nor rightly fenced, nor properly cropped, yet profitable, even under his untidy management, from the small rent he paid for it, and the light burdens it was taxed with. He would have made more of it had he possessed it unencumbered; but there were several roads, and even half-acres, and an acre each patch, with a ruinous cabin belonging to it, which he had sublet to different paupers, or in a few cases had, more correctly speaking, suffered to remain with the original tenant of a larger proportion, who had been at some fitting opportunity 'bought out of his holding.' In Hannah's time, her foster-father had never owned above six or seven acres, on which he had contrived to bring up a large family very creditably; for he had been an active man, of frugal habits in his working days, and a 'simple' man, busied merely with his own small affairs in all honesty. The English hardly understand the Irish interpretation of this 'simple' word, although Miss Edgeworth has done her best to explain it to them in one of her delightful children's tales. The son, Terry, exemplified the converse of the meaning given to it by his countrymen to perfection. He was a very different character from the father—people said he had 'a strong dash of the mother in him.' Lounging through the world in the most sleepy way, with his eyes apparently half-shut, no one saw more clearly all that was going on around him; no one knew better how to 'bide his time,' and act at the fitting moment for his own advantage. He was greatly admired by his neighbours for his quiet abilities. To be as 'cute an' knowin' a'most as Terry White,' was high praise of any 'endeavouring' young man. He had thus, in his own easy way, nearly tripled the size of his holding, gaining credit all the while for helping the distressed, by coming forward at the critical hour when the wonderfully-enduring powers of his race could bear no more. While he relieved the unfortunate both of land and difficulties by means of his closely-kept purse, he spared himself the odium of removing the family of the outcasts. He had permitted them always to remain in the cabin built by themselves, and given a bit of ground adjoining, charging for the same, however, a rent that nobody talked about, and which was generally taken out in labour.

Terry White's most ardent admirer was his wife; for he had married, though not early, a woman made expressly for himself, young, but not young-looking, quiet, managing, home-keeping, an adept in getting one drop more out of what he imagined he had already squeezed dry. She had brought him money too—money and stock—otherwise it is more than probable she would not have been solicited to come herself. She brought a

\* Short for Terence.

cow, a heifer, a sow, a store-pig, two turkey hens, a piece of frieze, a fur-tippet (which she wore on Sundays over a real cloth cloak, all the year round, summer and winter alike), and forty sovereigns wrapped up in the heel of an old stocking. She was quite a mountain heiress, although, in her frequent allusions to her fortune, not an item of which she ever neglected to enumerate, she always modestly summed up its amount as a 'trifle.' This managing couple had, by imperceptible degrees, while accumulating stock and acres, contrived to get rid of all encroachments on either. Sisters and younger brothers had passed out from their childhood's home to struggle with the crowd of necessitous around them, leaving only the old man behind. In their place, a set of fine healthy grandchildren filled the house, recalling by name and features those of a former generation at their age.

Hannah's first visit impressed her favourably with all she found. Terry and Terry's wife lived in their attentions to her. The old man said little, but he looked on her with much affection as he rose from the comfortable settle within the large open chimney of the kitchen, displacing a baby from each knee, that he might reach to shake hands with her. The place looked very much as it used to do. The entrance was at once into the kitchen; it would have been into the fire, but for a wall that was run out at right angles from the chimney back some feet on along the floor, facing the door, and cutting it off, in fact, from the room, forming a small square lobby, which would have caused nearly total darkness at the fireplace, had it not been avoided by a window of a single pane made in this bit of wall, close above old Luke White's head, as he sat on his usual seat within. The floor was clay, hardened by a slight mixture of lime and sand. The thatched roof was unceiled; but all was tight, and dry, and clean, and the walls were neatly whitewashed. The old plain furniture was there: nothing having, to all appearance, been added to it. A turned-up table leaf was near the fire, let down for every meal, as in long past days. The dresser stood opposite, well filled with crockery of all shapes and sizes. Along its lower shelf was ranged a whole row of wooden bowls and platters; and on the upper shelf still shone, what had been the pride of Hannah's foster-mother's heart, pewter-ware, which had descended to her from a long line of ancestors. A long ironing-table followed, before which Hannah had many a day stood till her strong back ached; bright tin-cans hung on the wall behind it; an eight-day clock faced the small window; a settle bed, a large wheel for spinning wool, some stools, tubs, and a turf basket, bottom upwards, under which a hen was hatching, completed the furniture of this 'small farmer's' comfortable kitchen. At either end of the house was a room, clay-floored, and unceiled like the kitchen, from which one of them, indeed, was only partitioned off by the dresser. In this more open apartment slept the old man, the maid-servant, and the elder children. In the other private retreat, with the chimney-stalk and the lobby to separate it from the rest of the house, slept Terry, his wife, and the babies. The old man's room contained nothing but two bedsteads: his son's not much more—only a cradle, a press, and a very dingy mahogany table, and a chair or two to match; extra with sundry boxes, bags, band-boxes, and bundles, heaped on the top of the bed and the red-painted press. Nothing more in sight, we should have said; for Mrs White, when doing the honours of her house, by showing off to her husband's friend all its treasures, drew out, with no little pride, from underneath the bed a small barrel full of eggs, and a large tub half full of beautiful butter. She was very particular, she said, in her dairy management, butter being in these times as good as gold. She had seven cows, and no right dairy; no dairy with a right lock: she therefore kept her butter where no fingers but her own could reach it. Our Scotch and English readers might suppose the cream to have been in equal

danger; but in the dairy husbandry of the part of Ireland we are describing, they do not deal in cream—the milk is all strained at once into a large churn-shaped vat, warm as it comes from the cow: the operation is repeated at every milking, till the vat is full, when two men relieve each other in churning the ripened milk into butter. The buttermilk sells readily in the neighbourhood; the butter is packed for market. Mrs White's milk-vat stood in a dark corner partitioned off from the barn, which barn being partly open, served occasionally as a cart-shed and general tool-house, when it occurred to Mr White to shelter articles of such value from the weather. The partition was merely brushwood closely wattled, and overhead some yards of calico were nailed across the rafters, to prevent rubbish from falling below. The brick floor, the white walls, the shaded window, the cool shelves, loaded with pans of richly-coated milk, the curd, the cheese, the beauty, the profits of a British dairy, when will they be universal in the sister isle, where, of all farming, dairy-farming should best thrive, from the quality of the pastures, and the short mild winters of the country?

Unknown of these better things, Mrs White was quite content; vain even of her untidy premises, her pigs ranging over the fields, her fowl laying their eggs under the haystacks, her garden as full of weeds as of vegetables, the bawn\* ankle deep on wet days, and miry at the driest of times, from the constant tread of the cattle on the refuse thrown there for the purpose of being thus prepared for the manure heap. She grieved, indeed, over her many troubles—her slaving life, her crosses, losses, great expenses, little profits, heavy rent, and heavy cess, and more than all, her difficulties with Terry, who was entirely too good-natured, failed in bargain-making, was for ever giving to this brother and to that sister, Biddy included, and showed himself in many ways too innocent for the world he lived in. These complaints required no redress, scarce even a reply: they were a habit rather than a necessity; not called forth by any real evils, merely adjuncts to the dignity of her station as a prosperous farmer's wife. That there was any merit wanting in herself, had never occurred to her, nor was it in the nature of things that it ever should. Though she admired the character of her husband, she did not by 'any manes consider him her equals.' Her father held forty acres of land, and her mother went to chapel in her jaunting car, and her brother rode his own horse at the steeple-chases. Terry could pretend to no such high doings; but he was 'snug,' and good-looking, and 'cute,' and the best match that offered for her at the time her parents judged it fit she should be disposed of; and 'she had never repented, thanks be to God for that and all his other mercies! She did not fault him (the husband), nor complain of him, nor any one, but Hannah herself must have the sense to see that he was by no manes her equals.' Terry seemed to see it, and to feel it too, for her word was law to him. He paid her implicit obedience, and readily, as if her commanding thus was an honour to him; and in his private conversations with his foster-sister, he dilated warmly on his wife's perfections: 'The best of creatures!—the finest housekeeping woman!—the hardest† woman in all Ireland!—the nicest‡ hand at a bargain! They would need to be 'cute indeed that offered to have dealings with the like of her!' He was evidently delighted with his prize, lived but to serve her, came and went as she ordered, lounged after his lounging workmen when she sent him, or indolently, at her bidding, set half to rights what they had wholly neglected. He bought and sold only by her directions; and being both of one mind as to spending nothing they could spare, and pocketing all they could contrive to make, they got on very comfortably together; except at an odd time of a fair day, when Terry, not having

\* Yard before the door.

† A good bargain-maker.

‡ Shaving close.

taken the temperance pledge, had been 'after' refreshing himself too frequently. They were really decent, well-doing people after their lights; paid priests' dues, cess, rent, and rent charge—'kept themselves,' as they said, 'to themselves, and had no call to nobody.'

Subsequent visits hardly kept up these agreeable impressions: a more intimate acquaintance with the ways of the house revealed a style of management ill calculated to satisfy the judgment of the active little woman, who had been disciplined by many years' service, under conscientious employers, into the most perfect regulation of her time, and the most faithful discharge of her duties. Terry White cultivated his farm at no great expense of labour: his cabin tenants did his work 'according as he happened to want 'em;' no man had his particular business, no hour its allotted task; the whole concern went on at haphazard; the pay, poor as it was, was very grudgingly given—the work returned for it was very lazily done: conscience seemed to be wanting on both sides: the men could hardly be trusted out of their master's sight a moment: his time, indeed, was principally occupied in watching their doings, for suspicion dwelt ever among them all. He gave better wages than some of his neighbours—a fact on which he sufficiently prided himself: he gave sixpence a day and diet; but there was a long per contra account, so long, that little money passed between them—there was cabin rent, garden rent, potato rent, and cartage of fuel, for the husband's share; and the wife and Mrs White had their separate account for buttermilk. This being, by the custom of the country, the perquisite of the farmer's wife—part of her private fund for the purchase of such luxuries as tea and clothing—she reckoned her quarts very carefully. They were paid for either by a few days' work in harvest, or in copper, as they were got—the copper being earned by the sale of eggs from the fowl, permitted to pick about over the fields at will, except when they ventured near the corn. Yet with all their carefulness, all their hard dealings, Terry and Mrs White were about this time beginning to feel that they were not rich. The fund in the stocking heel had diminished, for they had been obliged to apply to it once or twice in seasons of difficulty; their children were increasing in age and numbers, and not being brought up to help in any industrious way the business of the family, they were an annually additional charge, instead of becoming an assistance. Terry scraped and shaved closer than ever; the parings and pinchings of Mrs White were felt to the heart's core by every member of the household; still matters mended little. That they had themselves to blame, that for want of outgoings, they could hardly expect incomings, never crossed the thoughts of this self-satisfied pair: self-blame never does cross the thoughts of Irishman or Irishwoman. The times, the seasons, landlord, agent, master, mistress, friends, neighbours, anybody, anything, everybody, everything, deserves high blame, and gets it, all but those only who are in fault—the individuals whose indolence prevents their making the slightest exertion of mind or body to better their own condition.

Hannah ventured to suggest that a little more activity, a little regularity, some attention to order and tidiness, some improvements on the methods of farming pursued by Terry, would be rewarded by increased productiveness, and would lessen the necessity for much of the niggardly proceedings which so exceedingly diminished the comforts of his family. But she found her hints far from kindly taken. So far from having neglected a proper outlay on his 'little piece of a farm—the worst bit of land, take it all out, that he would engage to say would be to be found in the country'—her foster-brother assured her 'that he had done a power. Ne'er a man in all Ireland would have done as much, or could, had he been willing.' He had 'bought three pounds of powder, and blasted two astonishin' rocks in one field;' he had 'drawn forty barrels of lime three miles—'crass the river, up the hill—and put them all out'

on another field; he had 'sowed dales,\* fine three-year olds, five score o' them'—all along in a row, down the top of the double ditch he had made betwixt himself and his next neighbour, 'the contrariest man was ever seen, for ever poundin' an' annoyin'. What man alive could do more, or as much? But the times bate him intirely. He was shuck with 'em, and sure it was no use strivin' agin' 'em.' Mrs White had been equally distinguished on her side. She watched, and she worried, and she scrimped herself and every one. She turned away a good, strong, active maid-servant, 'an' took up wid jist a slip of a girl' in her stead, the daughter of one of their cabin tenants, to whom she gave no wages, and from whom, in return, she got no work. She withdrew her two eldest children from the school she had hitherto sent them to, 'an' striv' to tache them herself of an evening.' She had no idea of making money but by sparing it—inflicting really a course of privations on herself and all belonging to her as her only resource in these 'struggling' times. 'My dear life,' said she, addressing the foster-sister—'my dear jewel, it's little you know. What with the roads contractin', and them wars, and one thing and another, it was asieir to make a guinea in the oold times than a penny now.' The conclusion to which this unpromising condition of their affairs had brought this contriving couple was, that Hannah, with her grand friends, and her fine place, and her 'hapes of savings,' was to take it upon herself to provide for all their children. It would be unnatural to expect otherwise, for who else had she to look to? Them that 'raired her had a right to dipind upon her;' and she had equal 'right' to afford her best assistance to them. Hannah had no wish indeed to deny it. She had never forgotten the care taken of her childhood, never omitted to send many useful remembrances to the only home she could look back to; nay, she had come now to the country for the express purpose of seeing what could best be done to advance the fortunes of her foster-mother's family; but she did not exactly incline to be their sole dependence; and she also began to fear that they might not all perfectly agree as to the means to be adopted. Her wish was, to educate the children, and by enlightening the parents, endeavour to elevate the condition of Terry and his family. Mrs White had no notion that either she or her husband had anything to learn; for they were, in fact, in some respects rather in advance of their neighbours: no intention of making herself, or encouraging her husband to make, the very least exertion to further their object; still less did she purpose to spend a farthing of their hard-won money on it; neither did she imagine that their children could require aught but the 'help of a friend' to fit them for every sort of creditable employment. She therefore expected Hannah to use her interest to provide them all with such situations as she had fixed on for them, 'accordin' as they grew to years.' She had 'laid out' to get places in the police or the Excise for her sons, and to make ladies'-maids and dressmakers of her daughters, without further trouble to her or their father. She did not mean them to be 'kilt with work;' she was come of 'dacent' people—Terry was come of 'dacent' people too; their children had had 'the best of raising'—'never let out with the common sort,' &c. &c.; and when she found that Hannah was sceptical on their merits, dissatisfied with their idle habits, their insubordination, and their lack of the most ordinary instruction, and was resolute not to importune her master and mistress for their patronage in favour of connexions not previously fitted to deserve it, her manner changed entirely to the friend she had up to that moment made so much of. She did not cool—she heated; words, actions increased in vehemence as she worked herself up to resent this unnatural indifference: all former kindnesses were obliterated. Hannah was thankful to escape from the house with a whole skin,

\* Planted larch-trees.



and to leave the future welfare of the family to time, and the changes time would bring.

Thus ended Miss White's visit to the scene of her early days. She felt that she could be of as little use to her comfortable foster-brother as to her miserable foster-sister; that were she to continue any close connection with either, she might herself be ruined between them, brought down to Biddy's level, another pauper among the crowd of wretched, without a hope of ever raising them to her own position. She therefore determined on restricting her intercourse with Mr and Mrs White to little occasional civilities, as better in the end for them, and essential to herself for her own respectability. Her heart was hardly as light on her homeward journey as when the hope she brought with her to the hills had filled it; but she was content with the feeling of having done her duty: she had satisfied herself that she had shown herself not ungrateful for the home given to her childhood; and for the rest, forty years in this struggling world had injured her to disappointment.

#### THE IPSWICH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

SOME months since,\* we abridged from the 'Manchester Guardian' a very interesting memoir of James Crowther of that place, a naturalist in humble life, including notices of some of his companions who had united with him to form a society of about forty weavers and mechanics, who met occasionally to exhibit and compare their acquisitions of plants and insects; and we added some observations as to the great desirableness of similar tastes being more widely imparted to the working-classes by making natural history a branch of their education. A step in this direction has since been made by the adoption of Mr Patterson's 'Introduction to Zoology' in the schools under the National Board of Ireland, and in several public and private seminaries in England and Scotland; and we are now happy to add, that a Museum of Natural History, of handsome architecture, lately erected, of which the professed object is to communicate a knowledge of this science to working-men, was opened at Ipswich on Wednesday, December 15th, by eloquent speeches from the Bishop of Norwich, the Dean of Westminster, Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., &c. addressed to a large auditory, comprising some of the principal gentry of Suffolk, the members of parliament for Ipswich, and numbers of the inhabitants of the town of all ranks. The president of the Museum, the Rev. W. Kirby, rector of Barham, near Ipswich, now in his eighty-ninth year, was present; but in consequence of his great age, the Bishop of Norwich officiated as president in his stead, and moved, at the conclusion of the meeting, a vote of thanks to him for the valuable services he has rendered to natural history during his long life, to which the venerable father of entomology in this country replied in a brief and most affecting valedictory address, which brought tears into the eyes of most of those present. This Museum, as stated in the 'Suffolk Chronicle,' now before us, owes its origin chiefly to the indefatigable zeal and unwearied exertions of George Ransome, Esq., of Ipswich, proving, as in so many other instances on record, how much may be effected by a single individual; and as the Messrs Ransome of that place, who employ many hundred men in their extensive manufactory of agricultural implements, &c. will use their influence to induce them to attend the lectures meant to be given, there is every prospect that this institution will succeed in its great object of introducing the working-classes of Ipswich to what is yet so great a desideratum in all plans for their advantage—a new description of out-of-door recreation, at once healthy and rationally exciting in a very high degree. For how intense must have been the delight derived from their

pursuits, which, as we learn from the memoir of Crowther above referred to, could lead him and his comrades, after a hard day's work, to walk ten or fifteen miles in search of a rare plant or insect! To many even well-informed minds, the idea of directing the attention of working-men to such pursuits seems absurd and impracticable; and so it would be, if the aim were to make them profound naturalists. But this is not the intention. It is simply to give them such a taste for, and general knowledge of the subject, as may lead them to take an interest in observing and collecting the natural objects which present themselves so profusely in every walk, and comparing them with similar ones deposited in the museum or described in books, and thus ascertaining their names and properties, and being able to explain them to their children. Every one remembers Mrs Barbauld's charming tale of *Eyes and no Eyes* in 'Evenings at Home,' containing the history of two boys taking the same walk, in which one found nothing to observe, while the other was attracted by novelties at every step. And so it is with working-men. The great mass of them never having been taught 'the art of seeing,' find nothing but barrenness and weariness, where instructed men, like Crowther, are in ecstasies of delight. Such is the force of the principle of imitation in man, that let but one or two in a place acquire a taste for any branch of natural history, and numbers will be sure to follow their example; nor will the scientific naturalist quarrel with these humble disciples, if, stopping far short of his knowledge of the subject, they content themselves with merely collecting and admiring the objects with which nature presents them. No botanist, however profound, refuses to smile with complacency at the rapture with which the critical eye of a Norwich weaver hangs over the points of beauty and perfection in the flowers of his auriculas and polyantheses; and no ornithologist would disdain to enter into the feelings of the Spitalfields weaver, who pointed out to him, with exultation, his matchless 'croppers' and carrier-pigeons, which he had reared with such anxious pains and skill. Nor does the entomologist refuse to sympathise with his brethren of the same locality, whose great ambition in collecting insects is to arrange them so as to form a symmetrical 'picture,' in a glazed frame, to hang up in their parlour. These humble collectors of insects often find species not before known; and many of the rarer ones of Mr Haworth's 'Lepidoptera Britannica' were obtained by him from the Spitalfields weavers, to whom he paid frequent visits.

But independently of this consideration, however restricted may be the views of naturalists in humble life, what can be more desirable than to direct their attention to objects which, apart from their beauty and marvellous structure, as the works of a Divine hand—works which, if He thought it worth while to create and adorn, must be worthy of our study and admiration—must even merely, as presenting matter for constant interest, largely promote their happiness? Gray the poet well observed, that the enjoyment of life depends on our 'having always something going forward,' exclaiming, 'Happy they who can create a rose-tree or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water!' And it is precisely thus 'having always something going forward,' that constitutes the charm of their pursuits to the humble florist, who fosters with assiduous care the growth of his seedling auriculas, and watches with intense eagerness the first expansion of the hoped-for prize-flower; and to the butterfly and moth collector, who daily feeds his rare caterpillars for weeks with their appropriate food, sees them at length with joy change into their chrysalis state, and then impatiently expects their transformation into the perfect insect. No man knew better than Crabbe (himself, by the way, like Gray, an entomologist) how largely the happiness of the working-classes, with whose wants and feelings he was so well acquainted, can be increased by giving them a taste for even the humbler depart-

\* Journal, No. 170, p. 215.

ments of natural history—a conviction strikingly conveyed in the lines in his 'Borough,' which run—

'There is my friend the weaver; strong desires  
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires:  
See, to the shady grove he wings his way,  
And feels in hope the rapture of the day—  
Eager he looks, and soon, to glad his eyes,  
From the sweet bower by nature formed arise  
Bright troops of virgin moths, and fresh-born butterflies.

He fears no balliff's wrath, no baron's blame;  
His is untaxed and undisputed gain.\*

But though the Ipswich Museum will render no small service to the working-classes, if it should merely convert hundreds of them who now saunter in the fields, uninterested and without object, and to relieve the vacuity of their eye and mind, adjourn to the alehouse, into cultivators of flowers, rearers of pigeons, or collectors of insects, it by no means follows that much more important results will not follow from its establishment. Though the bulk of the Messrs Ransome's workmen may go no further, some of them, like Joseph Fox, the Norwich weaver, recorded by Sir J. E. Smith as the first grower of a lycopodium from seed, or Hugh Miller, the stone-mason, author of the excellent geological work on the 'Old Red Sandstone,' may render high services to science: and if this should prove the case in only one instance in a hundred of those to whom the Ipswich Museum gives a taste for natural history, and if the same result should follow from other similar institutions, which it is to be hoped its example will cause to be formed in all our towns, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the large accession of enjoyment which will be conferred on the working-classes, and of advantage to natural history from enlisting them among its cultivators.\*

#### THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THIS is the somewhat poetical name of a book† published for the purpose of rationalising the ancient, though of late exploded belief in prophetic dreams, spiritual appearances, and other mysterious things. What first strikes the 'candid reader,' is the amazing moral courage of the author: she, a novelist of some reputation, and a woman of the world, to come boldly out with the profession of a belief in what the intelligent public has long condemned as only fit matter for vulgar wonderment—even though she profess a philosophical object and a wish to fortify the conviction of the spirituality of our nature, and to elevate thereby our moral life—it must be acknowledged to be no common phenomenon in literature. A second feeling, on dipping into the book, will be surprise at the richness of such matters in these cool, unpondering days—so contrary to the common notion that they have disappeared along with the disposition to believe in them. It appears as if, while scepticism is the general profession, a vast number of persons had yet experiences which they could not resolve into accordance with the admitted course of nature, and which they are willing to disclose in certain circumstances, but always with an injunction as to concealment of names, lest they be suspected of a secret leaning to an unfashionable belief. These Mrs Crowe has determined to collect and arrange, with the view of endeavouring to bring them within the domain of science. 'Because, in the seventeenth century,' she re-

marks, 'credulity outran reason and discretion, the eighteenth century, by a natural reaction, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times, will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry; and there is a large class of persons amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe that much which they had been taught to reject as fable, has been, in reality, ill-understood truth.' If such a reaction be actually in progress, it is a fact of obvious importance. Perhaps the reception of the 'Night Side of Nature' will in some degree be a test how far it is a fact.

Our author starts with a chapter of speculation on the ideas which have been entertained regarding the inner spiritual nature of man. Adopting the doctrine of there being a spiritual as well as fleshly body, she seeks to show how some faint gleams of its attributes may at times shoot up through the clay in which it has taken up its temporary abode; through this medium, she thinks, we may, under certain perhaps abnormal conditions, have communication with the spiritual world, so as to become cognisant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses. Disease often supplies these conditions; mesmerism supplies them to some extent; so does common sleep; often, however, the communication takes place without any extraordinary conditions being observable.

Revelations by dreaming she takes up first, as being the simplest class of phenomena; and of these she presents a number of curious examples. Take as a specimen the following:—'Mr S—' was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr S— fixed his affections on Lady O—, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father's consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor; and indeed nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr S— dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father's throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son's favour. The impression made by the dream was so strong, that Mr S— felt that he should have no repose till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father's death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it.

In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favour; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

"Good heavens!" said he to the friend who accompanied him, "who is that?"

"That is Mr —, of so and so."

"Then he will be Bishop of L—," returned Mr

\* When in our concluding remarks on Crowther's memoir, we observed, 'The common soldier, if acquainted in even a small measure with botany or entomology, would have at command a means of enjoyment which would make the dreariest of hours in foreign stations to him a paradise' (p. 217), we little thought how soon, and on how large and fearful a scale, our position would be verified by the fatal consequences of the want of some such recreation in the case of our troops in India, whose late general insubordination, and the consequent execution of several of them, is attributed by the editor of the 'Times' newspaper (Dec. 27, 1847), solely to the insupportable wearisomeness and ennui of being obliged to live in remote quarters, without any object to interest or occupy their attention.

† By Catherine Crowe. 2 vols. London: Newby. 1846.



S—; "for that is the man I saw occupying my father's throne."

"Impossible!" replied the other. "He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have."

"You will see," replied Mr S—. "I am certain he will."

'They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr — rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr — had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L—. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family.'

Akin to such cases are presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals. Many of these prove to be warnings against danger, and an instruction as to the means of avoiding it. For example—A few years ago, Dr W—, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that, as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd coincidence, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr W— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety.' Mrs Crowe thinks that there is no need to suppose supernatural intervention in such cases. It may be only from some cause connected with the condition of the individual that the apprehension takes place—'an accident in the sense that an illness is an accident; that is, not without a cause, but without a cause that we can penetrate.'

Mesmerism has some pretensions to throw light upon these mysteries, as will appear from the following anecdote in connection with one ensuing upon it. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs C—, dreamt 'that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, "Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!" "Oh, so have I!" returned the mother: "I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law." "My dream was about him too," added Miss C—. "I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, "My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind."'

'As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C— hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and

there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night.'

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr W. W—, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman 'had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the rapport had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern and his magnetiser at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr W. W— being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetiser, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. "Whilst my mind was concentrated on you," said he, "I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it."'

The question will of course arise—What is this rapport or relation between the parties, and how is it established? Even admitting the facts, who can answer this question?

We are told, in ensuing chapters, of persons who had the power of entrancing themselves, in which state their spirits were free to roam abroad to any determinate place, and for determinate purposes. 'One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little: he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether lawful. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons, but that he was then in a coffee-house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

'I have no authority for this story,' says Mrs Crowe,

'but that of Jung Stilling; and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulant states, that we are not entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility.'

This leads to the class of phenomena called in Scotland *wraiths*—that is, appearances of persons whose bodily they were not. This, says our author, sometimes occurs at the time of death, but often at an indefinite period before it, and sometimes where no such calamity is impending. 'In some of these cases, an earnest desire seems to be the cause of the phenomenon.' Maria Goffe of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children. 'By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no perceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. "Yes," replied the dying woman, "but I was there in my sleep." A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, declared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound.'

There is nothing remarkable in the following wraith anecdote; but it recommends itself, because of the parties being well known in Scotland. 'Mrs K—, the sister of Provost B— of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr K—, in the parlour of the manse, when she suddenly said, "Oh, there's my brother come; he has just passed the window!" and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. "He is gone round to the back door," said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there, nor had the servants seen anything of him. Dr K— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea: her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connexions of the family, and also from an eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr K— whether he believed in these appearances. "I cannot choose but believe," returned Dr K—; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

'I have met with three instances,' says Mrs Crowe, 'of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the figure brings the conviction.' We happen to know that one of these persons is an eminent man of science in Scotland. So familiar are his family with the circumstance, that one of them has been known to express apprehensions as to the early death of a distant friend, 'because — has seen him.'

One curious circumstance in many such narratives, is the irrelativeness of many of them to a useful or dignified object. 'Some few years ago, a Mrs H—, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and

consequently Mrs H— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably heard; but when Mr H— came home, and was informed of Nelly's proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

'Unwilling, however, after giving her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs H— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the following morning.

'The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs H— proceeded to the cellar stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried up stairs and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, dripping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr H— being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly; and proper restoratives being applied, Mrs H— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, "Oh, Nelly Hanlon!" and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr H— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. "Nelly, said he, "will come home by and by, and laugh at you;" whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

'The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known.' Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory, moreover, of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

Nearly akin to wraiths are what the Germans call *doppel-gangers* (double-goers), or self-seers—that is, appearances of a second self, sometimes seen by the individual as if it were a reflection of his own person, and sometimes only by others, either in his presence or at a distance. Catherine of Russia saw a figure of herself sitting on her throne, and ordered her guards to fire at it. Dr Kerner states the case of a Madame Dillenius, who was lying in bed when her sister saw her also walking about the room. No particular incident followed this event. 'Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and looking over its shoulder,

he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage, "Make ready thy house, for thou must die." He returned to the company, and related what he had seen; and in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day at six o'clock in the evening.

Of such anecdotes there is a large store. 'A Danish physician is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient's room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by the failure. The hearing of it, however, occasioned him such an unpleasant sensation, that he requested his patients never to tell him when it happened.' In such cases, a strong wish of the person seen to be at the spot at the moment seems to have a great concern in the phenomenon; but there are many cases in which no such wish was felt. A Berlin professor, walking home one evening, saw a duplicate of himself passing in the same direction on the other side of the street. Arriving at home by a short cut, he saw it at the door. It rang; the maid opened; it entered; she handed it a candle; and as the professor stood in amazement on the other side of the street, he saw the light passing the windows, as it wound its way up to his own chamber. He then went in, and proceeded to his own room, where, as he was about to enter, the ceiling fell with a loud crash. Here the case seems like an intervention.

So much for the present. We shall resume the review of the work next week; till which time, moreover, we postpone any general remarks that may occur to us on the subject.

#### DISCUSSION CLASSES.

THERE is scarcely a Mechanics' Institution, Athenæum, or other literary society, throughout the country, that has not a discussion class or debating club connected with it; and as large numbers of young men, at the period of life most open to impressions from without, mingle in these discussions, their influence must be considerable, whether for good or evil. Like everything else, perhaps, they have a share of both ingredients; but we incline to think that the good predominates. In examining lists of subjects that have been discussed in some of the largest of these societies in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, during the last six years, we are pleased to find that it is mostly questions of present practical importance that occupy attention; and that the young men have too much sense to aim exclusively, or even chiefly, at florid declamation. The practice of *speaking*, which, twenty or thirty years ago, was so assiduously cultivated, is now happily defunct, having died of its own mortal absurdity. The power of 'speaking a speech' is, very properly with the present generation, less an object of ambition than the practical habit of discussing moral and economical questions that press for immediate settlement.

We are inclined to think that these societies, under one name or another, and with various modifications, are becoming much more common now than at any former period; but they cannot be said to be altogether new, as far as their main features are concerned. For, not to refer to the rhetoricians of ancient times, who are reported not merely to have delivered general instructions, but to have taught their pupils what to say on any subject whatever, the system of public disputation was pursued in the middle ages to a very large extent. It was then that the 'Admirable Crichton' went from

one university to another, challenging professors to dispute with him on any subject, and on any side of the subject. We need hardly say that we consider this a great abuse of man's highest gifts—reason and the faculty of speech; and one which would now be universally condemned, if not laughed at. It is not the mere power of ingenious disputation, or 'much speaking,' that is valuable. The speech may be loud and long; but if there is no useful thought in it, silence would be far better. It was excellent advice given to a young man by a crabbed senior in the matter of speaking—'Never speak till you have something to say, and stop when you have said it.' Debating societies are now frequented chiefly by young men who wish to exercise themselves in the art of public speaking, and the management of business in public assemblies. In speaking, as in every other thing else, practice alone 'can breed perfection;' and the needful practice can be best gained by young men in such associations. It is too late to attempt to acquire it when the serious business of life is commenced. *Men* will not be practised on, though *boys* may.

From the very nature of these societies, they are for the most part unknown, except to the members and those in the immediate locality of their operation; and whatever good they do, passes silently into the general stream of social improvement. A few of them, however, have attracted notice, in connection with the lives of celebrated members. Who needs to be informed that it was in one of these that Robert Burns trained himself to that vigour of expression for which he afterwards acquired so much distinction? In the Tarbolton Club the young poet found vent for his overflowing thoughts, and acquired a readiness of speech that astonished not merely country lads of his 'own degree,' but the learned professors and fashionable ladies of the capital. If, according to the classical *saw*, Burns 'was born a poet,' we have no reason to suppose that he was born with the gift of conversation and ready effective utterance. It is surely more reasonable to conclude that he owed it, partly to his excellent instructor, who seems to have followed the *intellectual system* of education, as it is now called, and partly to the practice in debate, that he had for several years in the club that he himself established, and of which he was the leading star? Nor must it be inferred, that because only one of the young farmer lads acquired distinction, this was all the good the club did. Every member, doubtless, profited by the discussions there carried on; and, not to speak of the pleasant hours spent in agreeable companionship, became a more intelligent man. They might not, by discussion, become more skilful agriculturists, though this admits of dispute, but they would certainly increase their general power of mind; and if in this way a superior grace were cast over private life, the club cannot be said to have existed in vain.

But it has not merely been among the class to which Burns belonged that practice in debate has been had recourse to. From various recent publications, we find that at almost all our colleges such societies have long existed; and there is no reason to doubt that they have, on the whole, been beneficial. They have served in some measure to counteract the monkish tendencies of such institutions, by directing the attention of the 'ingenious youth' to questions of present importance, instead of keeping them for ever gnawing at the dry bones of antiquity. Moreover, by developing the power of speech, and accustoming the youth to the ready use of their mother tongue, they have gone as far to cultivate the practical reason as any course of logic or mathematics to which they could be subjected. It was in one of these societies that the Rev. Robert Hall and Sir James Mackintosh trained themselves to



that facility of speech for which both were subsequently so much distinguished. We are far from thinking that the careful study of the great writers of antiquity went for nothing; still less are we disposed to value lightly the reading of our own native writers; but we consider it not unfair to assume that the habit of conversing on the common subjects of their study, and the practice in debating before their fellow-students, had some influence in training them for their future career. Had they done nothing but debate, we should in all probability have never heard of them; but both were great readers, and both assiduously practised the art of English composition. This threefold exercise has been commended by the illustrious Bacon, and, in connection with debating societies, his words ought not to be lost sight of.—'Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.' Readiness is a most valuable quality, but if it has not a solid foundation to rest on, it becomes a sorry affair.

But the general increase of intelligence and promptness in reply, are not the only advantages gained by taking a part in such debates as are carried on in these societies. An important, though incidental advantage, which they are fitted to confer, and which, in point of fact, they have often conferred, deserves to be taken notice of. We allude to the opportunity which they afford of getting an insight into human nature—a knowledge of which is more necessary in the conduct of life than Greek or Latin lore. It is said that Dr Robertson made a better historian from his being a leader in the church courts—his own experience in party tactics enabling him to interpret many of the acts of party men, which he otherwise could neither have understood himself, nor have rendered intelligible to others. As the church courts proved, in Dr Robertson's case, a good preparatory school to the understanding 'of the plots and marshalling of affairs,' so generally do debating societies. Nor is it difficult to discern the reason. The boy is 'father to the man'; it is the same human nature that beats in all bosoms; and he who has watched attentively the tricks and artifices had recourse to in the debating club, will not have much to learn should he be advanced to the imperial parliament, or gain a seat in the privy council. The tact and presence of mind acquired in the one field, will stand him good in the other.

Not the least important result of debating societies is the emulation and ardour they produce in the acquisition of knowledge. The youth who has espoused the cause of Queen Mary, for instance, against Elizabeth, or that of Charles I. against Oliver Cromwell, and is bound by a certain day to speak in presence of his companions, whose good opinion is to him a high object of ambition, to the merits of the case, is far more likely to ransack history, and seek out for authorities, than he would be if merely prompted in his search by curiosity, or the love of abstract truth. The desire of knowledge is apt to become weak, unless we have it in our power to impart our information to others; inasmuch, that learned philosophers have been led to doubt whether any man's curiosity would be sufficient to engage him in a course of persevering study, if he were entirely cut off from the prospect of social intercourse. The sincere love of truth is, no doubt, a higher motive than the love of approbation; but so long as the latter works in subordination to the former, no injury can arise. At anyrate, without sympathy and companionship, it would appear all but impossible to keep alive the desire of knowledge. We have a famous instance of the truth of this opinion in the case of Pascal, who tells us of himself, that he was obliged to abandon mathematics, after having carried the study farther than any of his contemporaries, because he found there were so few with whom he could converse on such a subject, and that, therefore, all satisfaction in the study was lost in its isolation. If the sage depends so much on sympathy, how much more the young inquirer!

We have already spoken of the advantage that debating societies afford, in being a kind of preparatory school for the practice of public speaking. But it is not solely with a view to public good that the power of effective utterance should be assiduously cultivated. To the solitary student this same power is highly valuable. Goethe never spoke a truer word than when he said, that 'What we do not speak of, we seldom accurately think of.' Whether it is, that the active effort of speaking excites the dormant faculties of the mind, or that new thoughts are reflected to us from the countenances of those we address, certain it is that the very act of speaking both serves to clear our own thoughts, and helps to enlighten the minds of others. Dr Channing, in his well-known tract on 'Self-Culture,' takes notice of both facts. 'There is a power,' says he, 'which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people—and that is, the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. . . . The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.'

To secure the full benefit derivable from attendance on, and an active interest in, discussion classes, it is necessary that the members, while they are, as nearly as may be, at the same stage of mental development, be yet of different ways of thinking; for if they are all of one sect or party, be it what it may, they are sure to become self-conceited schoolists. Being agreed on important points, to make a debate at all, they are obliged to dispute about trifles, and so acquire the habit of trifling, and in the end can scarcely fail to make themselves, not good practical reasoners, but what Locke pronounces to be the direct opposite—'logical chicaners.' As they will generally consult the same authors, they can bring no new information to each other; and instead of leading each other to the knowledge of new truths, they will only confirm one another in old prejudices. Their reading is sure to become one-sided; they will fall into the grievous error 'of conversing with one sort of men, reading but one sort of books, and not coming in the hearing of but one sort of notions;' and in this way they will get and give views not only narrow and perverted, but absolutely false.

The members, too, of these societies should be sufficiently numerous to excite interest without causing excitement; the subjects to be discussed should be chosen with care; and the disputants should prepare themselves for the discussion. We do not mean that they should prepare their speeches. This is a practice that we would not recommend, for then, instead of a debate, there would be as many soliloquies as speeches—each man speaking at the other, and not to him. Such a debate resembles a Dutch concert; every one plays his own tune, regardless of the tune that his neighbour is playing, and there is neither mutual sympathy nor mutual instruction. But without making set speeches, the members may study the subject in dispute beforehand, and arrange in their own minds the arguments, objections, and answers likely to be made use of; and if anything new occur in the course of the debate, the person who has thoroughly studied the subject will readily dispose of it. Nor will the difference be perceptible between what is prepared and what is spoken *extempore*. Indeed it will often happen that ideas thrown off in the heat of the debate, will be the most brilliant and effective. The mind that has completely mastered the sub-

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#### MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

It is usual to trace the origin of great families to some gallant exploit, or some lucky accident, which suddenly raised the ancestor of the house from obscurity, and provided him at the same time with a legend to his coat of arms. The representatives of such families are born personages of history; their name, title, and estate—their position in the country—descending to them by inheritance, and so continuing from generation to generation, till war or revolution damages or removes the old landmarks of society. But there are other origins which it would be vain to endeavour to arrive at by a similar process: the origins of houses that rise steadily, not suddenly, in their peculiar career, and the success of which is not secured by a single incident, but distributed evenly over the lifetime of one or more generations. In such cases, the germ of prosperity must be sought for in the family mind—in the idiosyncrasy of the race—in the theory by which their conduct in the world is governed; and the first accident, which attracts the attention of the vulgar as the origin of their fortune, is merely a *point d'appui* selected by forethought and resolution. The rise of the house of ROTHSCHILD presents a very remarkable illustration of this view of a question which will never cease to be interesting, and affords a striking instance of the natural and simple means by which those vast results are obtained which it is customary to ascribe to chance or miracle.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connections in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-

changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for 'the honest Jew' in the way of raising public loans.

The 'honest Jew,' unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel as the depository of a sum amounting, it is said, to £50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At anyrate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the prince's return), a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish court through the House of Rothschild. Before this—and necessarily so no doubt—his knowledge, and the tried rectitude of his conduct, had gained him general confidence; his wealth had increased, and an enormous extension of the field of his operations had taken place. The fact appears to be, that by this time the banker of Frankfort was more in the habit of rendering assistance than of requiring it; and the Grand Duke of the day, to whom the Israelites owed their civic and political rights, nominated him a member of the electoral college, expressly as a reward for his generous services to his fellow-citizens.

The personal character of Meyer Anselm Rothschild is not of small consequence in the history of the house—for their dead father may be said to direct to this hour the operations of his children! In every important crisis he is called into their counsels; in every difficult question his judgment is invoked; and when the brothers meet in consultation, the paternal spirit seems to act as president. The explanation of this well-known and most remarkable trait in the family, is not difficult to those who are in the habit of penetrating through the veil of the romantic, in order to arrive at the simple realities of life. The elder Rothschild was obviously a man of comprehensive intellect, who did not act on the spur of chance or necessity, but after mature reflection, and on rules distinctly laid down; and he must have brought up his children in a certain theory, which survived his mortal part, and became identified with his memory. This is the only *idolum* conjured by the piety of his descendants. His bearing, we are told, was tranquil and unassuming; and although a devout man, according to his views of religion, his devotion was so completely untinted with bigotry, that in his charities he made no distinction between the Jew and the Christian.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers

sharing equally in the results. The other great principle of their conduct is one which actuates all prudent men, and is only deserving of special remark in them, from the almost mechanical regularity with which it was acted upon—this was the determination never to run the slightest risk in pursuit of great profits. Their grand object was to see clearly each transaction to its termination, to secure themselves from all accidents that human foresight could avert, and to be satisfied with a reasonable and ordinary reward. The plan acted in a twofold manner. By husbanding their capital, they were enabled to take advantage of a thousand recurring commissions, so as to extend their connection day by day; while their habitual caution earned for them a reputation of solidity, which, united with their real wealth, carried their credit to a pitch which would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to less steady intellects. Credit, however, was no snare to them. They affected no master-strokes—no *coups d'état*. They would have used the lamp of Aladdin, not to summon genii, but to light their steps as they toiled on in the path of genii. The only secrets by which they obtained their choice of innumerable offers of business, were the moderation of their demands—the punctual fulfilment of their engagements—and the simplicity and clearness of their system. In short, the House of Rothschild became great, because its affairs were conducted upon the most perfect system of mercantile tactics, and because the character of its members, partaking largely of that of the original banker of Frankfort, combined many of those amiable qualities which secure popularity without forfeiting respect. They sought to make money by skill and industry, not parsimony; they gave a liberal share of their profits to all whose services were of use in attaining them; and their hand—

'Open as day to melting charity'—

doubled the value of the gift by the grace with which it was presented—the grace impressed upon the external manner by a simple and kindly heart.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the 'Conversations Lexicon,' that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive 'of those sums for the

allied courts, of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing.' This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the House of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822), the same honour was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyer, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorising the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Most of the members of this family have married, and live in great splendour here or on the continent; and it must be observed, as something characteristic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been a good one. In London, where we know them best, the widow of Baron Nathan is held in great esteem for her inexhaustible charity, in the course of which, we observe by the newspapers, she has contributed largely towards the formation of an educational institution for children of the Christian faith. Her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, is popularly known as a suitable helpmate for her philanthropic partner. The sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore, is likewise well known for her liberality, and more especially for the large funds she has bestowed on the establishment of schools for all religious denominations.

But there is another female of this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men who are now rising proudly among the aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady we take from 'Les Matinées du Samedi' of G. Ben Levi. 'In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the win-

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dow are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

'The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first storey?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—"In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

'Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort; but their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time.'

#### A FEW PLEASANTRIES.

[Borrowed from 'The Family Jo Miller, a Drawing-Room Jest-Book.' This is a much improved form of a well-known kind of book, cleared of trash and indelicacy, enriched with new good things, and presented in elegant typography, and with capital characteristic embellishments. A life of Jo Miller at the beginning—the biography of a man of whom nothing is known—forms a tolerably successful, though good-natured burlesque of some of the recent lives of Shakespeare.]

*The Modesty of Goldsmith.*—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jzebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'—*Notes in Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson.*

*A Gentleman Groom.*—'Why did you leave your last place?' said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: 'did Captain R. discharge you?' 'No.' 'Was he a bad master?' 'On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want.' 'Then why leave his service?' 'To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in winter-time at Melton. Captain R. did not

belong to the right club, or live in the first set: and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it.'—*Barham's Memoirs.*

*An Ale Charm.*—During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. 'Then, Maggie,' said the learned wizard, 'the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the vat in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death.' Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years, accumulated great riches. At her death, the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

'Gin Maggie brew good ale,  
She will get good sale.'

#### UNDERWRITING.

To render the process of underwriting as intelligible as possible, we may suppose a case, for the purpose of illustration:—Suppose a vessel of the class A 1, registered for seven or ten years, be valued at L20,000 or L30,000, a policy is effected upon her, and the owners or their brokers go among their friends at Lloyd's, and see at what rate she can be insured. If the voyage be a distant one, or the season of the year be considered dangerous, the rate will most materially vary. Thus, at one time, a premium of L1, 1s. or L2, 2s. per cent. might be taken, and at another time the underwriter would perhaps not be inclined to do business under L3, 3s. or L4, 4s. per cent., it not only depending on the class of the ship, but the cargo she is likely to carry, and the port for which she is bound. These are all considerations which the underwriter most carefully weighs in his mind before he takes a part or risk in an adventure of the sort. On a vessel of L20,000 or L30,000 value, the policy of insurance might be divided among as many as a dozen underwriters, including some at Liverpool and Glasgow. And it very often happens that the Liverpool and Glasgow people will insure their ships at London, and vice versa. This will account for the statement occasionally to be seen in the papers, that 'notwithstanding the vessel was a London trader, the greater part of the loss will fall upon the underwriters of Liverpool and Glasgow.' When a vessel continues absent after the expected date of arrival, and no news has been received of her, the premium of insurance will advance considerably, and then the business resolves itself into a mere speculative transaction. Some of the members of the room snap at this business, but it does not often prove profitable. The ill-fated President was 'done' at a very high premium in the room, and, up to the latest moment of hope, persons were found willing enough 'to take a few thousands of her at a long price.' When bad weather has occurred, either on the coast or abroad, the underwriters at Lloyd's make the most anxious investigation of the books and the lists received, to trace, by every possible means, the result of their risks. The remark of 'a good book' or 'a bad book' among the subscribers is a sure index to the prospects of the day, the one being indicative of premium to be received, the other of losses to be paid. The life of the underwriter, like the stock speculator, is one of vast anxiety, the events of the day often raising his expectations to the highest, or depressing them to the lowest pitch; and years are often spent in the hoped-for acquisition of that which he never obtains. Among the old stagers of the room, there is strong antipathy expressed against the insurance of certain ships; but we never recollect it being followed out to such an extent as in the case of one vessel. She was a steady

trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room; and it was a most curious coincidence, that he invariably refused to 'write her' for 'a single line.' Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed 'to do a little' on his namesake; but he has frequently declined, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the subscribers were reading the 'double lines,' or the losses, and among them was the identical ship, which had gone to pieces, and become a total wreck.—*The City.*

#### THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Some years ago, a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, 'Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger.' The stranger bowed, saying, 'I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room,' and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, 'As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you.' A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. 'We must not allow the night to pass thus,' said he to the countess; 'you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime.' He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.

There are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dullness. To be sure, dullness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dullness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dullness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasures sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

#### CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

## BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW R. PICKEN.

### DUSSELDORF.

'Vergin mein nicht.'

Out on the waves, far out, my sea-bird! thou and I  
Will rock ourselves in dreams of faithful Germany.  
I framed thee of the sandal-tree, my slight and silvery boat,  
That thou might'st shine amid the green, like lily-leaves afloat.  
I spread a sail of finest woof, scarce fit to hold the breeze,  
That thou might'st be, my lone canoe, the darling of the seas!  
There are no lookers on, my friend, but the free clouds of the sky—

So out upon the far blue waves, my sea-bird! thou and I!

Come, all ye fair and yellow-locked, ye children of the Goth,  
Ye restless and disdained of sleep, yet more abhorred of sloth;  
Come with your iron singes, and your broad and dauntless brows,  
Like argosies that quell the waves 'neath their imperial brows;  
Down the good old German highway, whence our hosts went forth  
to Rome,  
Come with your harvest burden, and be welcome where ye come.

At Dusseldorf is many a *Haus*, where the golden bush hangs out—  
But ye, the wine-pressers, know well the wily bait to scout;  
The 'good wine needs no bush,' as your old 'mortisires' wont to say;  
'Let the juicy monks smack first, I trow the nuns won't turn away.'  
Oh merry market crowds, as in a picture, still I see  
Your locks like mellow waving corn, smiles dimpling like the sea.

Old Father Teniers fondly loved your summer greenerie,  
The low and dozing homestead, and the bouring threshold tree;  
With the labyrinth of roses, and the dark and dreamy well,  
And the *jodins* of the vineyard, and the merry croquet bell,  
And the babes-a-sporting round his knee—oh! Bauers of Oberland,  
The old man was a child again amid your mountain band.

And Luther, the uncanonised, the blessed then as now,  
That pored upon the Holy Writ with a sunbeam on his brow;  
For you he wrenched the tarts up, and made clear the truthful  
wells,

'Mid the crashing of the graven things, and the howling of the cells.  
The echo of his fearless voice still haunts your crowned hills,  
And the blessings of his gentle heart around ye play like rills.

There's a music in your homely speech, a music of the heart,  
That keepeth green the memory of golden-lyred Mozart;  
Whether, like falling water, 'mid the brown vine leaves it sings,  
Or floats 'neath the cathedral arch on soft angelic wings!  
The holiest of your household gods, while hoary Hartz shall stand,  
The 'rare old minesinger' shall abide within the land.

The sword is now a ploughshare, but the storied Rhine can tell  
When the serried Schwartz-reiters came down, the work went brave  
and well.

When the lances of Bavaria flashed, like lightning from the cloud,  
And Almaine from her outraged heart pronounced her curse aloud,  
Where then stood ye, oh stalwart and broad-breasted men of  
Rhine?

In the first dread line of battle with the boldest of the line.

### THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.

It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.—*Sidney Smith.*

### ZEAL OF PARTY.

Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr Johnson, they, talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable length party men will sometimes run, 'Why, yes, sir,' says Johnson, 'they'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker sooner than not get possession of it.'

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